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In Other Climes.

FRANCIS J. KEHOE, '14.

[N other climes I long to be,
Across the stormy eastern sea.
In fancy oft my thoughts take flight
And dwell among the pleasures light
Of dear old, far-off, gay Paris.

But higher thoughts then come to me,
With which from pleasures' haunts I flee
And long to combat for the right
In other climes.

And oft a heart from guile kept free
I'll raise to Him who heareth me,
That I may keep my soul from blight,
All robed in garb of purest white,
And soon, dear Lord, to live with Thee,
In other climes.

The Vindication of Democracy.*

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.



HERE is somewhere in the heart of every man the desire to be equal to his fellows. That desire has been called the master passion of democracy. Out of it democracy was born, pledged to make possible its realization. The pronouncement that "all men are created equal" was simultaneous with the birth of this republic; and while scoffers have called this clause a "self-evident lie," no man who understands the meaning of equality can assent to such a verdict. The souls of men spring by special creation from the will of God; each moulded in a different form. The body is the revelation

of the soul, and it is therefore true to say that men are by the very nature of their creation divinely ordained unlike in soul and body. Equality, however, does not mean likeness. It means the coextensive possession by men of certain eternally established natural rights, with the power to exercise these rights for the development of personality. Such equality is the rightful heritage of every man; and that government, whether it be absolute monarchy or absolute democracy, which fails to secure its citizens this heritage, fails, and fails miserably, to accomplish that which is its very reason for being.

First and most fundamental of all these natural rights is the right to live. The economic implicate of this natural right to live is the right of the laborer to a living wage. Man, alone of all the creatures of God, is an end to himself, placed on earth to live out his own life. Bound to self-preservation by the first law of his nature, he has an indisputable right to live by the fruits of the earth; and in modern industrial society, as Pope Leo the Thirteenth pointed out in his Encyclical Letter on *The Condition of the Working Classes*, most men are able to gather these fruits of the earth only through the medium of their daily wage. The infeasible right of the laborer to a living wage is thus axiomatic upon an acknowledgment of the inherent dignity of man; and just as life does not mean mere existence, but existence as a man, a creature of reason, and member of society, so a living wage does not mean a mere individual subsistence wage, but a wage which will enable a man to fulfil the obligations of his manhood, and to exercise the other natural rights to which life gives rise. It means such wage as will enable him to support himself and his family in reasonable comfort; to supply

*Delivered in the Breen Medal Oratorical Contest in Washington Hall, Dec. 16, 1912.

them with food, clothing, and shelter, with an opportunity to attain to physical, mental, and moral development. This is not mere spineless humanitarian philosophy. It is an application to economics of fundamental Christianity. It is the irresistible conclusion of sound ethics and political economy.

Governments exist to preserve the natural rights of their citizens. Do you wonder, then, that there are men who call democracy a failure, when they behold in this country, doubly pledged to hold sacred the natural rights of its citizens, ten million people robbed of that right on which all other rights depend, the right to live?—ten million people without sufficient food, or clothing, or shelter to make them appreciate their manhood. And when you are told that, in this land of limitless prosperity and abundance, over sixty per cent of the male workers receive less than a living wage in compensation for their labor; when you behold their misery, the pitiable struggles of their wives, and the million seven hundred thousand children hurled into the maelstrom of industry to eke out existence for the family by their scanty earnings; when you see the heap of wrecked and ruined bodies and souls that the stream of industry every year piles up at its mouth or belches forth into society;—then you will not wonder at the anxious words of Pope Leo, when he urged us that “some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and so unjustly at this moment upon the vast majority of the working classes.”

Carlyle has said: “It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; . . . but it is to live, miserable we know not why; to work sore, and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold universal *laissez-faire*.” It is that long discredited policy of *laissez-faire* we must abandon if we would vindicate democracy. Government can not fulfil its mission by simply keeping hands off. The laborer is entitled to a living wage by virtue of his natural right to live; and that government which exists for the preservation of natural rights can not be absolved from the charge of failure, if it does not set up an insurmountable barrier against the parasitic forces which compel him to sell his labor for less than a living wage. The living wage must be a legal minimum wage. That law

alone can vindicate democracy. It may be difficult to enforce such a law. Here and there may be employers who can not pay a living wage and stay in business. Such inefficient employers have been too long feeding on the blood of labor. Let them go. The industry which does not afford its workers a living wage is a social menace. Brand it so; and let ability to live without preying on the rights of others be recognized as a condition to becoming an employer of labor. Vested interests may suffer, but God-given rights must not on that account be abrogated. The question is not one of expediency, it is one of necessity. It is not that a remedy *ought* to be found; it is that a remedy *must* be found. The employer who does not pay his employees a living wage is no less a cannibal than the barbarous African, for though he does not eat of human flesh, he lives on human lives and souls.

The establishment of a minimum wage by law is not the wild dream of a revolutionary. Wages were fixed by law in the middle ages. Wages are fixed by law in New Zealand and Australia today. In the middle ages the employers of labor alone were represented in the government, and the wage laws became instruments for the oppression of labor. Today, in America, all classes are represented in the government. Let government, therefore, represent all the classes, and guarantee to all their rights. Then democracy will have been vindicated, and in America the world will behold the most magnificent spectacle the earth can produce: “a people acting under authority from God, and proceeding in the functions of government according to the dictates of conscience; a people acting in a Godlike capacity, and dispensing justice and charity to all.”

The “Fall Guy.”

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15

She was unmistakably crying. Hazard, peering through the disfiguring thickness of his glasses, observed the rhythmical rise and fall of the slight shoulders, and was vaguely discomfited. Then he fell to speculating upon the cause for the sudden and remarkable transition in the only other occupant of the car. If he remembered correctly, and Hazard prided himself upon his retentive memory, she had not

seemed depressed when she entered back at Thirty Seventh. She had even smiled as she strolled up the aisle to a seat ahead and across from him. For a long time she sat there gazing out into the night, twisting in her slender, black-gloved hands an absurdly small and filmy handkerchief. The rain pattered gustily against the car windows from out of the swirling black void of night, and the "elevated" swayed and groaned and shrieked as it hurled itself through the wind-swept darkness. The young man looked out upon the twinkling lights of the sleeping metropolis, and his own visage, blurred and distorted, gazed steadily back at him through the racing raindrops that streaked the dirty pane. Before the advent of the young lady he had been content to pore over a well-worn volume of Ward's "Economic Facts and Fallacies," but for the past quarter of an hour he had repeatedly caught himself stealing furtive glances at the pretty girl on the other side of the car. Tall and dark she was, with the slenderness of first youth and the lithesome grace of one whose early years have been spent in the wholesome untrammelled open places far from the vitiating squalor of the slums toward which they sped. Prosaic Hazard, even in his mental appraisal of the young lady's charms, did not classify her exquisite orbs as either "dreamy" or "soulful." They were nice eyes, he thought, large and dark and sorrowful; only now he could not see them, because the proudly poised head had fallen forward upon one slender arm, and the trim little figure was racked with convulsive sobs. Hazard was in a quandary. Certainly the spectacle of feminine tears was not so awe-inspiring. Often, indeed, he had seen women of a certain class weep loudly and ostentatiously, for the sympathy and substantial assistance such scenes exacted from the unwary and the philanthropically inclined. But there was nothing theatrical or artificial in the grief of this dark-eyed girl. Even to the not too astute Hazard, it was patent that she was not weeping for effect or sympathy. There was about her an abandon that suggested the heartbroken, artless child, rather than the sophisticated adventuress. Acting upon the first impulse, he was out of his seat and standing beside the sobbing girl, even before he had decided what he should say. He did know, however, that a beautiful young girl, probably alone in the great grim city,—homeless possibly, and friendless,—was

grievously in need of wise counsel and aid. Standing beside her, he hesitated a moment, hoping she would look up and perceive him. Apparently she was oblivious to his very existence. The amateur knight-errant cogitated. It is discouraging to have to address one's self to the back of a person's neck. Nor did the fact that it was a very pretty neck serve to expedite matters appreciably. But with a courage born of the desperate situation, Hazard proceeded to take the initiative:

"I trust that you will pardon my intrusion," he began with great formality, "but you appear to be—" He hesitated only to conclude lamely, "that is, can I be of any assistance to you?"

Some consciousness of the triteness of that well-worn expression must have dawned upon the young man with the disfiguring spectacles, for he appended hastily, "You see, I have no desire to force my attentions upon you, but if there is any service that I can render, it would afford me great pleasure to do so." Again he reflected disgustedly that he must have read that in some "society" novel. Truly not an auspicious beginning. Frantically he cast about for some dignified, original utterance, one that would at once inspire confidence and explain his mission. But before he had achieved that gem of brevity and explicitness, he became aware that the young lady was looking up at him; surveying him through gloriously dark brown misty eyes, at which she dabbed furtively with the ridiculously small and lacy handkerchief. Hazard found time to reflect that it was pitifully inadequate for such tear distended eyes. With a start he realized that the girl was speaking:

"It's awfully kind of you," she was murmuring dubiously, "but,—but,—well, there doesn't seem to be anything that you could do."

Hazard stared with almost fatuous intensity at the protesting vision of tearful pulchritude, ere he bethought himself of a fitting reply. Fitting it must have been, nevertheless, for gradually he penetrated her barrier of reserve, and drew forth piecemeal, the disjointed fragments of a story whose pitiful parallel might be encountered on any crowded corner, where the heedless urban throngs jostle and elbow and crowd. It was not long nor startling, that story sobbed brokenly above the roar and grind of an elevated train, but it covered the trail from the sun-kissed plains of Wyoming to the gloomy shadows of an East Side tenement house.

"After mother's death we moved East," she confided in conclusion, "and for almost a year everything seemed to go all right. Then they inveigled father into the stock exchange, and wiped out his little fortune on margins. While we could both work it wasn't so bad, but when father took sick and I lost my position—" For a moment the white lipped girl was unable to proceed, and then in a single despairing utterance she acquainted Hazard with the cause of all her tears. "And tonight," she choked, "tonight Dad's dying down on the East Side, while I haven't—" but the pitiful recital terminated as it had begun in a paroxysm of grief. The young man was aware of a suspicious tightness about his own throat as the unfortunate girl concluded her pathetic story.

"I will go with you," he announced with a quiet finality that precluded any argument, and almost without protest she permitted him to assist her to the slippery platform, as the car groaned to a stop. The chill rain beat in their faces through a black mist of midnight fog, as they cautiously descended the steel staircase to the street below. Here and there a street lamp twinkled cheerfully, but it served only to accentuate and render more forbidding the surrounding gloom.

"This way," directed his companion in a scarcely audible whisper, and Hazard was ushered into a miserable, malodorous thoroughfare; narrow and repellent. Shops, small, tawdry, and suggestive of Yiddish fondness for second-hand clothing and "Kosher" viands, straggled along both sides of the street, frequently interspersed with saloons and other dens of iniquity. The bleary iridescence of the wet pavement struggled feebly with a moist tangible darkness that enveloped them with the disquieting sensation of a clammy winding sheet. Their staccato footbeats, it seemed to Hazard, were challenging the attention of those vicious forces which every New Yorker unconsciously associates with midnight and the East Side.

Block after block they hastened along, scarcely exchanging a word. The first district seemed a paradise by contrast with every succeeding one. The odors became more insistent, the street illuminations fewer and feebler; the darkness more intense. Time after time a dread suspicion was awakened in Hazard's mind, but a single glance at the frail beauty of

his companion, and the haunting sadness of her great dark eyes heightened, no doubt, by the street lights that revealed them, always dispelled the traitorous misgivings. He seemed walking in a trance—that dazed semi-consciousness that one always experiences when walking long and steadily through a dreary, misty night. He was almost startled when she clutched his sleeve, and murmured:

"This is the place." They halted before a narrow, unlighted doorway. Gloomy and sinister it was, low, stuffy, and black as the River Styx. Obsessed with a vague uneasiness he glanced upward. All was dark, save for the sickly glow of a single gaslight on the third floor. He turned questioning to the girl, and she answered his unspoken interrogation with a nod. Then without a word she turned and preceded him into the stygian gloom of the reeking hall. She seemed like a wraith, a spectre, so noiselessly did she mount the broken, treacherous stairs. Hazard following blindly, stumbled repeatedly, and on the second landing fell noisily against the wall. After what seemed to be an eternity of climbing they emerged upon the third floor. Before them, through the narrow transom, streamed the feeble rays of the flickering gaslight.

"Enter," she directed, and he opened the door and stepped inside. Overhead the sole illuminant burned with a pale blue flame. On all sides shadows danced threateningly, grotesquely, upon the grimy walls. Scattered in a haphazard fashion about the room was a nondescript collection of furniture and clothing, old, moth-eaten, and dusty from long disuse. Over in the corner, resting upon three battered legs and a pillar of dirty bricks reposed what had once been a bed. Hazard was oblivious to the sordid squalor, the oppressive atmosphere and the dancing shadows of that forbidding room. Under the dirty covers of that rudely improvised cot, *her* father lay dying, and he had promised to assist her if he could. A rat scuttled across the greasy floor as he strode over to the bed. Beneath a filthy heap of rags was discernible an inert form. With a recurrence of the old misgivings, stronger now and less easily overcome, he clutched at the soiled sheet and drew it back.

"Good God!" he cried in horror, and for an instant the room seemed to swim before his startled eyes. For the face of an evil-looking old man was leering up at him; an emaciated,

white-haired man, whose bulging, glazed eyes protruded from a swollen, blackened face; whose yellow lips writhed back from his shriveled, toothless gums in a demoniacal sneer; and whose blood bespattered head hung half severed from a scrawny, saffron neck. Then the floor creaked behind him. The next instant a hand fell heavily upon his shoulder. He turned, and beyond the menacing muzzle of a big, black revolver, he encountered the level gaze of a man garbed in blue. Just behind him, and carelessly swinging an automatic pistol stood a Central Office man in plain clothes.

"Came back for the thousand that you overlooked the first time, eh?" he queried genially, as he frisked the helpless Hazard. "Kind of a crude job," he added casually, "but this return trip racket is sure the coolest play I've ever seen pulled off." As they dragged him roughly from the room, he glanced desperately around for the girl with the great brown eyes, but that mysterious young lady had vanished.

"Jimmy the Eel," one eyed, heavy jowled and generally unprepossessing, leaned confidently across a table in Red Mike's bar.

"Lifted twenty-seven hundred bones before I croaked him," he chortled exultantly, "tore up the premises plenty, but couldn't locate no more." Under his massive, crippled right hand lay an "Extra," describing in great detail the apprehension of the "scholarly" murderer of an old miser. Having gloated over such phrases as "fiendish crime," "robbery the motive," he turned his attention to other details.

"Say," he queried with transient interest, "how did you string this four-eyed cull fer the fall guy?" The girl with the great brown eyes, larger now and more brilliant from repeated rounds of absinthe, regarded her pousse-cafe intently.

"It was a pipe" she assured him carelessly. "I knew that Murphy of the 'Pinks' and a couple of 'stools' from the Central Office was jerry to the deal and shadowing you. Had a hunch that if I rang him in they would figure he was playin' a come-back, and he fell for it like a dream. Led him to the top of the stairs, and he went through it like he'd learned the part." Jimmy the Eel's single eye lighted gleefully as he beckoned to the man in the white apron.

"You sure travel alone in your class, Kate," he declared enthusiastically. "This time around the Tiffany Water is on me."

Varsity Verse.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

"O BURY me not in the wide, wild sea,
With only the sea-gulls to cry o'er me,"
Spoke the dying sailor at dawn of day
To his mates who hearkened what he might say.

"O bury me not in the salty waves
To sleep in the dark, drear ocean caves,
Where the finny and slimy things of the deep
Will over my mouldering body creep."

"O boys, take me back to my own sunny state,
Take me back where my mother and sweetheart wait;
I've left all the friends of my boyhood there.
Tell them to remember my soul in prayer."
Thus the sailor spoke with his life's last breath—
Then the seamen beheld but an image of death.

As the ship with the living sails on and away,
Far out on the billows the winds seemed to say:
"Ah, the God of the storms and the wind and the sky
Will remember the place where the dead sailors lie.

RICHARD V. BLAKE, '13.

THOUGHTS IN GRAY.

Yesterday was bright and sunny—
I was bright and sunny too;
Life was sweet as Hybla's honey,
Naught there was I couldn't do.
Tasks were easy, work a pleasure,
All the world seemed debonair;
Smiles were mine in fullest measure,
Thoughts of morrow brought no care.

What a difference in the dawning
Of today and yestermorn!
Life seems scarcely worth the pawning,
Hope is timid and forlorn.
Maybe, though, it's not the weather
That's to blame for all this gloom;
Pride, mayhap, has lost her feather,
Joy is cradled in the tomb.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

Where the rippling waters play
And the willows cast their shade,
There I love to rest all day,
Watch the rippling waters play,
Listen to the thrush's lay,
And to watch the twilight fade,
Where the rippling waters play
And the willows cast their shade.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

Sidney Lanier.

JOSEPH ALLAN HEISER, '13.

A poet has been defined as "a man speaking to men," as "a man with more tenderness than ordinary men," and as "one who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him." Such have been the great poets of all times; such a one was Sidney Lanier.

This "Sir Galahad" among American poets was born at Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1843. His ancestors were English, and from them the poet's passion for music was inherited. The American branch of the Lanier family can be traced back to the year 1716, and begins with the immigration of Thomas Lanier from England to Richmond, Virginia. Sidney Lanier's father, Robert S. Lanier, was a struggling lawyer of Macon. Well may we say music was our poet's passion. As a boy he had learned, almost without instruction, to play the flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar, and banjo. At his father's request he forsook the violin and gave his attention to the mastery of the flute. Nevertheless, it was the violin's voice above all others that commanded his soul. He has related that "during his college days at Oglethorpe, Georgia, the voice of his violin would sometimes so exalt him in rapture that presently he would sink from his solitary music worship into a deep trance, then to awake, alone, on the floor of his room sorely shaken in nerve." He did not then realize the power and grandeur of his inheritance, which was later to dominate his poetic conceptions.

War, that dreadful "scourge of nations," summoned him to lay aside the pen for the sabre. The poetic muse for a time was forgotten, while the ring of steel and the moans of the dying filled his mind. Thrice was this private of the Second Georgia Battalion offered promotions, and thrice did he decline because of his attachment to a younger brother, also of the Second Battalion. With a devotion to his state that was admirable, this young genius served through the entire war. While a prisoner in a Northern fort, the hideousness of war made its greatest impression on him, and led to his novel "Tiger Lilies." Lanier was a martyr to the cause of the South, for while languishing in the enemy's prison he contracted a cold which developed into consumption. The struggle

against the disease was long, but even his dauntless mind could not sustain his weakened body. His struggle ended in death on Sept. 7th, 1881, at Baltimore, Maryland.

"Tiger Lilies" alone was of sufficient merit to win for Lanier a high rank among the novelists of America. Here his own personality is reflected in every line, and we discover him to be a peace-loving man but one that never shirks his duty because it means conflict. Bunyon's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been rated as the "ideal allegory," yet it does not excel the simple tale of Lanier. One chapter in the middle of the work is devoted wholly to a remarkable simile. Here he introduces scenes of those four years of awful struggle, and his experiences teach a powerful lesson and preach a noble sermon. War is pictured as "a strange, enormous, terrible flower," brought to bloom, in the early spring of '61, beside "innumerable violets and jessamines." He pictures its growth, the care the horticulturists exert in cultivating it; Christ inveighing against it; and finally he describes its damp, dismal shades and unhealthy odors, destroying man, the highest creature of God. Continuing in this strain, he shows the specimen grown in North America by "two wealthy landed proprietors, who combined all their resources of money, of blood, of bones, of tears, and of sulphur, to make this the grandest specimen of modern horticulture." "It is supposed by some," says he, "that seed of this American specimen, now dead, remains in the land; but as for this author who, with many friends, suffered from the unhealthy odors of the plant, he could find it in his heart to wish fervently that this seed, if there be verily any, might perish in the germ, utterly out of sight and life and memory, and out of the remote hope or resurrection forever and ever, no matter in whose granary they are cherished."

A true son of the Confederacy giving his all that success might be hers, he realizes keenly what the strife of "brother against brother" cost America; and he stands forth as an exponent of world-wide and lasting peace. No vainglory inspired him; he sought no honors, for his South was struggling to master her defeat; he begged no mercy from the North, but sincerely and manfully he endeavored to impress the heinousness of war upon all. The "tyranny and Christlessness of war" pained and oppressed him.

Lanier's advance toward success was slow

and painful. Slow because he would write only in obedience to his own sense of art; and painful because of the advance consumption had made against him. The words of Dobson,

He held his pen in trust
To art, not serving shame or lust.

pertain especially to Lanier. He did not fit his wares to the cravings of the sensualist; neither did he write to the taste of those who buy verse. He had a nobler, a grander ambition to realize, and though death cut short his labors his memory shall live "in after days."

Lanier gave himself sacredly to the study of art and English literature, making himself a master of Anglo-Saxon and early English texts. The mastery of these works began a new era in his development, and inaugurated the theory of formal verse which he adopted, and instilled in him the desire to master poetry.

Competent critics have said of him that he had "more than Milton's love for music." With him music and poetry were "in the blood." Music was his first passion. "He sang like a bard to the accompaniment of a harp. He lived in sweet sounds: forever conscious of a ceaseless flow of melody which, if resisted for awhile by business occupations, would swell again in its natural current, and break at his bidding into audible music." As a child he exhibited signs of musical genius and the power, or the heavenly gift, to feel and express himself in tones. "Music," he tells us, "means harmony; harmony means love; love means—God." He was like an enchanted instrument, a magic flute, or the lyre of Apollo needing but the soft caress of love to send forth its beauty into the world.

Lanier was not what we would style a religious writer, yet "his large and deep thought took him to the deepest spiritual faiths, and the vastness of nature drew him to a trust in the Infinite above us." To him "Right" was the most beautiful thing of all. In his exhortation to the South he shows us a glimpse of his religious tendencies. "Liberty, patriotism, and civilization are on their knees before the men of the South, with clasped hands and straining eyes begging them to become Christians." He recognizes the fundamental principle of civic virtue, and he calls upon all to embrace it. His great faith in God finds expression most naturally in his "Marshes of Glynn" and in his "Ballad of the Trees and the Master." "The Crystal" is a hymn of praise to Him,

the Lord of all, the great inspiration of all great thoughts:

But Thee, but Thee, O Sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest,—
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's or death's,—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?

Here is expressed the outpourings of a heart of faith, of one whose mind is free from the taint of Godlessness.

Lanier is, in the opinion of most critics, the only Southern poet of real merit. Emerson said of Shelley, that "although uniformly of a poetic mind, he was never a poet." Now it is asked "did any of the Southern poets, except Lanier, get actually beyond the poetic mind?" In Lanier's case alone was the artistic finish so polished to perfection and kept in faithful adherence to all the laws of poetry, that it is safe to place him among the master singers.

Lanier was a poet of the type that lives in today and tomorrow, not in yesterday. Looking ahead with the eye of faith, and having explicit confidence in his countrymen, Lanier saw there the great Republic of today, built on the ruins of '61. He was not an idle dreamer, but he pictured clear visions of the time when "this strange, terrible flower, war," would be uprooted from the land. But few were his days, and slight his opportunity. As fame seemed within his grasp, when the future held the brightest prospects; when life seemed the dearest,—filled though it was with suffering,—his wasted body failed and his struggles ended in death. Though short his days he accomplished much, and when an appreciative public realizes what gems of thought and construction it has in Lanier's works, then will he, in after days, come into his rightful position as a truly great American poet.

My Harper, the Wind.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

My Harper, the wind, as he softly blows,
At the evening hour, on the leaves,
Repeats my thoughts in a musical wail
And wafts them to one o'er the Western trail;
At the edge of the Western seas.

Infidelity.

MORRISON CONWAY, '14.

A maiden star
In the western sky
Awaits her lover nightly;

A lonesome cloud
Like a ghost flits by,
And stoops to kiss her lightly.

The Dope Fiend.

VINCENT RYAN, '13.

The men were seated in front of the club fireplace, relating their adventures to one another. When the talk turned upon fiends—men who had abandoned bright careers to become the devotees of some degrading appetite,—Philip Gray, who had so far taken little part in the conversation, suddenly asked:

"Did any of you gentlemen ever know a dope fiend?"

None of them had, so he told this story:

"I had a partner once—Mason is, or rather was, his name, for I think he is dead; if he isn't he certainly is to be pitied.

"I met Mason at college. He was an athlete and I his admirer. A strong friendship sprang up between us, and on receiving our law degrees we started out together to conquer success. We made good and were beginning to grow rich, when Jim began using the drug—morphine. When he started its use it did not seem to affect him much. But as he continued, he grew pale and thin and on coming down to the office he would often sit for hours at a time doing nothing but dreaming. I felt worried, and wondered what could be the cause of this change in him.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I asked him one morning as he came in, "you don't look well."

"I don't feel well, either, Phil. I guess I have been working too hard and need a rest."

"Why don't you take a vacation?" I suggested.

"How long can you spare me?" he asked.

"As long as you like—a month, or two months, or more, if you wish."

"All right, Phil. Thanks. I'll be off to-morrow."

"My partner went to the coast, and in about eight weeks came back looking strong and

splendid. This fine appearance he preserved for three months; then he began to act and look as before. Things went on in this way until one day I noticed him inject the contents of a morphine needle into his arm. That night after the bookkeeper and stenographers had gone, I made bold enough to transgress the code that declares no gentleman may challenge the private vices of another, for I loved Jim and wanted to save him.

"Jim," I said; "when did you start to use morphine?"

"Wh—what?" he exclaimed looking around nervously.

"When did you start to use morphine?" I repeated.

"Why, you—you're mistaken, I never—"

"I didn't think you'd lie to me, Jim."

"I—I'm not lying, Phil. I do—don't use the drug, really I don't."

"I thought you did," I said somewhat ashamed of myself. "I'm very sorry I spoke that way. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Phil," he exclaimed in a shaking voice, "I can't stand that reproach in your eyes. It makes me feel like a wretch. I do use morphine, and if you want to know about it, I'll tell you. Do you remember that case we had about a year ago—the one in which we defended a man who had murdered a "chink" to obtain morphine? That case interested me and I began to study the drug. Then I began to experiment upon myself with it; at first I used it for the sake of knowledge; afterwards because I liked it. Before long I had acquired an insatiable craving for it. Night and day my nerves kept calling for it, allowing me no rest unless I was doped. My suffering when without the stuff is beyond description.

"That was before my vacation. While at the seaside I met a girl—a Sadie McPherson— young, beautiful, and attractive. I fell in love with her. I guess, too, that she began to like me pretty well. Anyhow, I proposed, and her answer was that she would accept me if I kept away from morphine for a year. For three months after I came back I kept pretty straight, trying to make myself good enough to be her husband. Then, when my hopes were highest, I received an invitation to her wedding—her wedding to another man."

"He dropped his head upon his arm and sobbed like a child.

"Phil," he went on after a few moments,

'that was the hardest blow I ever suffered. At first, I was so dumfounded that I could not realize it; then to keep from realizing it, I began again to use morphine—began to use it more than ever—and now, now I guess I'm about done for.'

"'No, you're not done for yet, Jim, old man,' I said, laying my hand affectionately on his shoulders. 'You'll soon be all right if you only set your mind to it. The first thing to do is to get away somewhere and try to overcome the drug.'

"'All right, Phil, I'll do what you say. You make the plans and I'll follow them with the help of God.' Hope again shone in his eyes.

"Mason went to a sanitarium—the Glockmer Sanitarium—out in Colorado. But he seemed to be too far gone, for nothing could be done for him. He came too late. About a month had passed when I received a letter from Dr. McGregor, the president of the institution, telling me that Mason had escaped and could not be found. That, gentlemen, was three years ago. I caused a thorough search to be made for him and have had detectives looking for him ever since, but all in vain. It seems as if he had vanished from the earth. As I said before, if he is still living he certainly is to be pitied. For my own part, I can never rid my mind of the horrible appearance he presented when last I saw him—the gaunt, shaken, gibbering thing that had once been the glory of manhood."

When he had finished, Gray did not wait to hear the comments of the men, but called for his hat and left the club.

The next morning Dr. McDonald of Chicago was ushered into Philip Gray's private office.

"Well, doctor, the boy tells me that you have come on a matter of importance."

"Yes," answered the doctor, "I came in regard to that story you told last night at the club, but if you are busy—"

"Not at all, my business can wait if you can tell me anything of Mason."

"Well, your story brought to my mind an incident that occurred about two years ago. One night at about ten o'clock I was aroused by a commotion in front of my residence. Dressing hurriedly, I went out to see what the trouble was, and elbowing my way through the crowd I came upon a sad—a pitiful sight.

"It was the crushed and mangled form of

one who had once been a man, but who then was little more than a spirit, so shrunk, wizened, and emaciated was he. He had been run over by an automobile. On examining him, I saw that he was a victim of the morphine habit. I searched his clothes, and finding some of the drug injected it into his system. The amount I gave him, although large, was not sufficient to put him to sleep. He kept up a continual muttering, only part of which I could make out, but having heard your story last night, that part thoroughly convinced me that the man who died in front of my residence and your former business associate were one and the same person."

For a few moments there was silence. Then Gray, with a peculiar smile and a bit of hesitancy, said:

"Doctor, I have a confession to make. That story that I told last night was wholly an invention of mine, suggested by one of Poe's tales which I read yesterday. I never had a partner by the name of Mason, and I never knew a dope fiend; I just wanted to see how accurately I could describe one. You remember I asked if any of you had ever seen one; I intended to have you tell about him if you had. I'm very sorry that I caused you any inconvenience, and beg of you not to be offended."

"Mr. Gray," said the doctor with quiet earnestness, "let me shake your hand. That was indeed a remarkable story. As for the man that died in front of my residence, there was none; if there had been I would have spoken up last night when you asked if anyone had ever seen a fiend. I came here this morning in the rôle of the Good Samaritan with the sole intention of putting your mind at rest by telling you that your friend Mason was no longer suffering, no longer a dope fiend, but had been kindly put out of pain by death. I'm glad, though, to hear that your story, like mine, was mere fiction. Good-day. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"No trouble at all, doctor. I'm glad that you came. I hope that I'll meet you soon again. Good-day."

Dearth.

The snowflakes drop from the trees like shades
Of leaves that lived in Spring,
And a wild wind cries through the forest glades
Where birds were wont to sing. W. H.

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—Sensible men are hoping that there is some truth in the report that President-elect Wilson has decided to eliminate elaborate social functions during his administration. There is need for such a reform, for the present is a time of unrest,—a time in which the poor are crying out for a living wage. Among the laboring classes there is widespread discontent, yet in spite of this discontent many of our federal officers authorize needless expenditures of public moneys, forgetting that such a course of action makes them, to some extent, responsible for the discontent that is growing dangerous. They forget that they are at Washington to make laws which will better the conditions of the masses—not to waste their time and the people's money in foolish and costly trivialities. And when affairs reach a point at which the positions of government officials and foreign ambassadors depend upon wealth and social position rather than upon service and merit, then there is need for reform. During Roosevelt's administration a certain minister was dismissed because his daughter presumed to place herself on a level, socially, with the President's daughter; and we were forced to accept a second-rate minister because of this piece of absurdity. Mr. Wilson says he understands and intends to return to right standards. We hope for the best and await the outcome.

—The women of England have been ridiculed in speech and cartoon for over a year. Men in this country believe the suffragettes have disgraced and injured their cause by their intemperate tactics. They think womanhood has fallen into disesteem, and forfeited the profound respect of mankind.

A hundred years ago this attitude of women would merit all the opprobrium it now receives. But in a hundred years the world has changed wonderfully. Mechanical inventions have influenced thought in a thousand ways. Ideals of culture, of success, of politics have evolved. Speed and novelty are the desiderata. Things don't stand still any more. The people are beginning to find out that they are a force. They are realizing that knowledge is power. Changes are coming thickly. Perhaps some are unwise, but even they must have their day.

Woman has become an entity. Man's modern methods of business have made her so. He put her to school. It is too late to remove her now. He compelled her to work in the factory till she learned the lesson, which she now practises. He has brought the change on himself. He gave the cause.

And now that women have been driven into public life, they want to "go the limit." They want to be directly active in the formation and control of public doings. They think they have a great cause and they are following it home. To them it is something real,—a part of the twentieth-century development. It is as genuine as the cause which moved Lincoln. It, too, they think, is an emancipation and purification.

—Every man seeks after health, but most men fail to find it. The reason why they fail lies in our modern manner of living. The present-day person is too parasitic. Instead of going out into the open for the fresh air and exercise that would stir up within himself the energy necessary to keep his body in fit running order, he depends upon furnace-heated rooms and artificial stimulants. These have their place, of course, but dependence upon them will breed a race of weaklings.

In order to enjoy perfect health, we must get back to nature—back to the great outdoors; we must have more of nature's stimulants

and less of sedatives, purgatives, and narcotics. Outdoor life spent in healthful work or exercise is the most natural and invigorating life, the most complete and full manner of existence. In such a life lies the secret of the physical development of the lumberman, the farmer, and the primitive peoples. Besides being a physical boon, it is likewise a mighty developer of mental energies. The Greeks were the sanest of people and the greatest intellectual race in history; and their mental perfection was in great measure dependent on their physical perfection, which, in turn, was the result of their outdoor life. So much did they value the outdoor life that practically all their work and their pastimes were carried on in the open.

The modern man can not, perhaps, return to the ways of his forefathers; progress will not allow him to go back to the tent life of the primitives; but he can and should devote a portion of each day to outdoor exercise. His body and mind demand that treatment. During the warmer months the poisons secreted by the body are easily thrown off, but in winter the insufficient heat causes them to lodge within the body and clog the entire system. There is no better way in which to rid the body of these poisons than by indulging in winter sports. They help us to throw off our waste products; they renew our blood supply; they quicken our brain activity; they give us what we all seek—perfect health.

—To have a settled vocation in view and to work industriously to be fitted for it should be the prime objective of every college student. Most often the last one to fix his mind upon a chosen field of employment

The Impediment of Wealth.

and usefulness is the rich man's son. Perhaps he does not fear the future, or is content to wait and let his problem solve itself. This is the case with many of our young men of today; in consequence of it, college life is a gay, aimless existence in which studies play a minor rôle, and pleasure—born of a too generous allowance—is the guiding spirit.

The young man whose pocket-book and poor judgment so combine as to be a menace to study and to a clear outlook on life is at a decided disadvantage. The student in straitened circumstances does not necessarily excel in discernment, but at least he has the advantage of not being handicapped with the means of

satisfying more than his immediate and necessary wants; as a result he has more time for his studies; he seeks his rewards in the fields of scholarly success, and invariably leads in scholarly achievement. If the college life of a student is one of struggle, he will undergo an excellent process of character formation; and he undoubtedly will emerge from it with an appreciation of the advantages of education and with a stability of mind that comes from experience in overcoming difficulties. He will be a man when he finishes his school work, while the son of wealth, unless he possess an unusual grade of common sense, will be only the unworthy heir of a successful father, whose success and character, in all probability, are due to just these straitened conditions that his son never knew. Socrates saw the impediment of riches when he said, "A man can no more make a safe use of wealth without reason, than he can of a horse without a bridle."

Forty Hours' Devotion and Opening of Lent.

The Forty Hours' Devotion was opened Sunday, Feb. 2, with solemn high mass sung by Father Walsh, assisted by Fathers Maguire and Lennartz. A short instruction regarding the nature of the devotion and the services was given by Father Walsh previous to the blessing of the candles and the procession of the clergy. On Tuesday morning a solemn high mass was sung by Father T. Burke, with Fathers Farley and Foik as assistants. The solemn closing of the Forty Hours occurred Tuesday evening with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction. According to custom, the devotion of the Forty Hours is always observed at Notre Dame during the days preceding the Lenten season. Thus we are given opportunity to make reparation to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for the injuries and insults He receives during those days of license.

The services Wednesday morning marked the opening of the season of Lent. The distribution of the ashes on Ash-Wednesday, by reminding the faithful of their lowly origin and the ignominy of the grave, teaches the powerful and salutary lesson of humility: *Remember man that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return.*

The ceremonies of the week, so impressive in their solemnity and so powerful an incentive to devotion, were under the direction of Father Connor, Master of Ceremonies.

Shubert Mixed Quartet.

The recital of the Shubert Mixed Quartet in Washington hall last Saturday evening compensated for the tedious half hour's wait that a delay in their arrival made necessary. The Shubert people are about on a par with the average Lyceum concert company. Their program, like their title, is "mixed"—containing some very ordinary matter along with a few very excellent presentations. The "Alice in Wonderland" lyrics had better, perhaps, have been reserved for the nursery folk. Miss Finthuslme, the contralto, displayed much talent and careful training. Mr. Bohannon's Canadian and cockney dialect readings were delightful.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

At last Wednesday's meeting of the Civil Engineering Society Mr. Bracho read a paper on "How to Survey a Tract of Land." He pointed out very clearly the advantages resulting from the proper use of the instruments and the value of accurate notes, and explained an excellent method of making a neat plat of the survey from the field notes. Mr. Marcille's subject was "The Advantages of a College Education in Civil Engineering." He compared the engineer trained in the field with one who has studied civil engineering at college, and contended that on account of the complicated problems resulting from the vast improvements of the age and the consequent demands made upon the civil engineer, it is becoming more important than ever that he should receive a special training and education. Mr. Saravia discussed "Centrifugal and Centripital Forces." On account of the importance of this subject and the great divergency of opinions in regard to different phases of it, it will be brought up for debate at a future meeting.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The regular meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society was held Sunday evening, Feb. 2. In conformity with the constitution, the evening was devoted to the election of officers for the ensuing term. Mr. Frank Dillon was the society's choice for president, while Mr. J. J. Hagerty landed the vice-presidency. One vote decided the secretaryship in favor of Mr. William Burke. As a consequence of Mr.

Flynn's just and sound criticism at a previous meeting the society entrusted him with the office of critic. The responsible and important functions of reporter were placed unanimously upon the capable shoulders of Mr. John Kelly. Mr. Carroll's high standing in the society was fully demonstrated when it gave over to his care the financial department. Messrs. Joseph Miner, Alfred Brown, and John Margraf compose the new executive committee. Their chief duty will be to arrange interesting programs for the meetings.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

"Indiana should grant the right of suffrage to woman," was the subject debated Sunday evening, January 26, by the Brownson Literary Society. The affirmative was represented by Messrs. J. Lawler, R. Byrnes, and C. Somers, and the negative by Messrs. L. Muckle, E. McBride, and T. Galvin. The debate, which was hotly contested, resulted in favor of the negative by a small margin. G. Clements gave an interesting reading on "Dixie," and J. Denny delighted the members with his recitation, "I am just as good as I ever was." A committee composed of T. Galvin, E. Lenihan, and G. Walsh was chosen to arrange for a smoker.

At the last meeting of the society the regular program was postponed and the time given to the election of officers. The returns are as follows: Timothy P. Galvin, president; George R. Walsh, vice-president; Charles Somers, secretary; Frederick Prolatowski, treasurer; Eugene R. McBride, reporter; Joseph Gargen, chaplain. Messrs. Muckle, McBride, and Walsh were appointed to draw up resolutions of thanks in appreciation of Father Walsh's services as critic.

Personals.

—Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04) of Chicago spent Sunday with friends at the University.

—Messrs. Edward and Harry Tiedboke of Chicago, friends of Father Carroll, visited Notre Dame last week.

—Mr. William Fox, of Indianapolis, State Deputy Grand Knight, Knights of Columbus, was a visitor at Notre Dame on Friday last.

—John Bannon (E. E. '10), in a letter from Crafton, Pennsylvania, extends his best regards to "the boys." "Joy" is an engineer

in the service department of the Bell Telephone Company of Pittsburg. In the same department is another old Notre Dame man, Ray Burns, who finished in the Short Electrical in '08.

—Ignatius McNamee (A. B. '09) of Portland, Oregon, was recently raised to the diaconate in Rome, Italy. Mr. McNamee is a student in the American College at Rome.

—Lawrence ("Mike") Stoakes (E. E. '10) of Pittsburg, is a central office man for the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. "Mike's" headquarters are in Pittsburg.

—"Dutch" Lange, writing from St. Bernard's Seminary, says it would take a parcel post package to carry his "best" to the boys. And he sure does miss the cold plunges through the ice of St. Mary's lake.

—Grand Knight Kaufer, District Deputy Webber, and Financial Secretary Buckley, of the South Bend Council Knights of Columbus, were the guests of the local council at the initiation on Tuesday last.

—Another Notre Dame man with the Bell Telephone Company is the affable "Bill" Heyl (E. E., '11) of Varsity baseball fame. "Bill" is in charge of the cable and conduit works of the Pittsburg engineer's office.

—Thomas A. Lally (Ph. B. '06) has engaged in the practice of the law with offices in the Old National Bank Building, Spokane, Washington. "Tom" is also the treasurer and attorney for the New World Life Insurance Co.

—"Phil" Phillips (Short M. E. '12) is now in the sales department of the General Fire Extinguisher Company of Chicago. "Bob" Shenk (M. E. '11) is doing designing work for the same company.

—Mr. I. N. Mitchell (old student) writes concerning two future Notre Dame boys that he is raising on his ranch at Cuero, Texas. Mr. Mitchell's brothers, Charles S. and Hugh C., are C. E.'s. of '94. Hugh is now employed in the government Coast and Geodetic survey service. We will be glad to make room for the two youngsters next September, even if we have to crowd to do it.

—We note with pleasure, the marriage of our genial old friend, Dalton B. Shourds to Miss Frances S. Gulick. The ceremony was performed in Terre Haute, Indiana, on Tuesday evening, January 28; "Bill" Tipton acted as groomsman. "Dolly" and his bride are now

in the South on their wedding tour. Later on they will be at home in Terre Haute, where the groom is a member of the firm of Keroick & Shourds, Architects. Congratulations, "Dolly."

—We have just received an interesting letter from our old friend "Ted" Carville in Elko, Nevada. "Ted" took his LL. B. in '09 and since then has been climbing hand over hand to success. He has an excellent and growing practice, and is, in addition, District Attorney for Elko County. Best of all, "Ted" is a family man and speaks with enthusiasm of sending "Ted" Jr.—now four months old—to the N. D. Law school. His entrance will, perforce, be sometime off, but we'll hold a place for him.

Peace Oratorical Contest.

The State Contest will be held at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, on Saturday, April 5th. The prize for the winning oration is \$75. The second prize is \$50. The winner will represent the State in the Inter-State Contest. The following rules have been passed by the National Committee:

Winners of first prizes in any state contest shall not be allowed to compete in any further state contests of this association.

No prize money will be given for any oration that has been previously delivered in any other oratorical contest.

The local struggle for the right to champion Peace in the State Contest will be staged in Washington Hall on March 25th.

Calendar.

Sunday, February 9—First Sunday of Lent.

Practice for Singing Quartet after Mass.

Brownson vs. Sorin in basketball.

Monday—Denison vs. Varsity at Granville, Ohio.

Meeting of Senior Preparatory Students, 7:30.

Tuesday—Ohio Wesleyan vs. Varsity at Delaware, O.

K. of C. Smoker, Walsh Hall, 7:45 p. m.

Wednesday—Lincoln's Birthday.

St. John's vs. Varsity in basketball at Toledo.

Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Monteville Flowers—Shakespearian Reader,

Washington Hall 8:00 p. m.

Thursday—Michigan Agricultural College vs. Varsity in basketball at Lansing.

Corby vs. Walsh in basketball, 1:30 p. m.

Walsh Hall Bowling Contest, 6:30 p. m.

Friday—Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Meeting of the Junior Class, 8:00 p. m.

Saturday—Varsity vs. Illinois Athletic Club in track at Notre Dame, 2:45 p. m.

Local News.

—The neat gold and blue basketball and track schedules, so much in evidence now, are the compliments of Dr. J. A. Stoeckley of South Bend.

—The Senior Preps met last Wednesday evening to adopt a constitution and by-laws, and to transact several important business matters as yet not public.

—Manager Cotter announces that the baseball schedule will be ready for publication by March 1st. So far twenty games have been arranged for, one with the team from the Chinese University of Hawaii.

—We haven't the least idea who runs the boiler rooms, but might we suggest that, since these are very chilly nights, he would put one or two shovels-full of coal on the fire every hour or so?

—More extensive improvements are being wrought in Chemistry hall. First it was the Main building, then Science, and now Chemistry hall. We may yet live to see Rockefeller Place with two more stories on it.

—The Senior Prep track team, coached by "Jimmie" Wasson, will meet Goshen and South Bend high schools when good weather comes. With "Dutch" Bergman Number 2 in the captaincy, we are assured of their success.

—If there is any chance or sporting possibility for you to attend the Brownson "Lit" smoker tomorrow night, grab onto it. We guarantee you the best time ever, for we are old friends of the Brownson orators, and know just what they can do when they try.

—We are anxious for a peep at that new curtain for Washington hall. Two weeks from Tuesday, at the Philopatrian play, we will get our first glimpse of this much-needed decoration. The color will be dark green; that's as much as we know, but that's almost sufficient.

—Our old friend, "Doc" Maris, erstwhile track and basketball coach, now living on his fruit farm in Central Lake, Michigan, lately made our athletes a present of a large quantity of delicious Michigan apples. We see you don't forget us, Doc; and, believe us, we still remember your middle name.

—Tuesday was a Jonah day for Walsh, when the Studebaker Bowling team put the local

boys back a notch by running away with the tournament. Four years ago, the U. had a bowling team which was undefeated by any aggregation of bowlers in the Bend. We only wish a little of this ancient pep could be injected into a few of our modern bowlers. Why not reorganize?

—Heretofore—we humbly admit our error—we have slandered King Winter shamefully in these columns. We apologize. We were altogether mistaken. For, like "Fighting Bob" Fitzsimmons and "Bat" Nelson, he sure can "come back." Seeing which, we don't want any undue amount of his attention directed our way.

—The triangular Sophomore debate between Brownson, St. Joseph and Holy Cross, is now a certainty, thanks to the energetic efforts of the speakers. Although no date has been as yet definitely set, it will probably take place some time in April. And they, too, are taking up the question of Woman Suffrage. Shades of Mrs. Parkhurst!

—By means of much diplomacy and persuasion, the entire Faculty have at last been gotten down to The Hogue studio to have their pictures taken. To judge by the hesitancy some of our teachers displayed before responding to the entreaties of the Dome Editors, we might consider the Faculty chapter of our Year Book something like a Rogue's gallery.

—Alas, poor Niles! It was another case of the deluge with the Carroll team as the flood-gates. The final score was 54 to 3. But then, what can a Niles bunch do against such little stars as Viso, Scott and Maltby? The Juniors are calendared to meet Mishawaka next week and Elkhart on the 14th. Turn out and help a scrappy little team with your vocal support.

—And now the interhall track season is opening. Daily we see the gym full of candidates, running the dashes, sprinting the quarters, or pounding around the long, weary mile. And since so many are burying their smoking sets for a time, the training should be highly successful. If you go over to look on, don't make fun of the South Bend high school runners. Give them a chance to try out, anyway.

—On the long chance that the editorial column may have overlooked it, we hereby cut in to strongly urge every man to take

at least one little Lenten resolution,—and to keep it. It certainly will do no harm; it will at least teach self-restraint. Make the resolution practical, such as to keep off the delinquent list, to study more faithfully, or to leave the corn-cob in splendid isolation on top of the shelf.

—It was a gladdening sight to see the minims in their little lace surplices and black cassocks on the altar at the close of the Forty Hours' Devotion. It reminded us of a beautiful and laudable custom once prevalent at Notre Dame—that of having the little fellows take a prominent part in the church ceremonies. It is eminently fitting that this custom should not be abandoned, for are they not the "little ones without guile" that the Master so loved to have about Him.

—We can not go to the Forbidden Palace in person, neither can we visit through the medium of the mails; but there's one thing from Notre Dame which can be shipped to St. Mary's and receive a warm welcome—our ice. Workmen are cutting the ice on St. Joseph's lake every day now, incidentally spoiling the skating. But as long as you have need of the crystalized coldness, ladies, we are too gallant to protest. You're welcome to it.

—In a late issue we expressed a desire to learn the whereabouts and whatabouts of the Indianapolis Club. After a little Sherlock Holmesing and Jimmie Valentining, we have discovered its existence. Indeed it is a flourishing organization, boasting of such celebrities as "Al" Feeney, "Hamlet" Scott, and "Bill" Mooney, and holding sessions every "rec" night in "Pol" Parrot's room. Stick together, Hoosiers, till the frost is out of the last pumpkin and the green gets into the trees.

—We can hear a lot of boisterous yelling in the gym most any time, and often put up with a great deal of near-harmony in our halls; but we fail to hear much singing when a hymn is announced in church. Some students, apparently, imagine that the announcement of a hymn is the general signal for all to doze or whisper to their neighbors. If you have any voice at all, let it out generously in praise of the Lord. If you don't know the music or the hymns, learn them by singing them with the rest.

—Hear ye, Knights of Columbus! Next Tuesday evening in the local council chambers, a grand reception of the new First Degree

Knights will take place at 8:00 p. m. The evening will be a most enjoyable one. Prof. Koehler, assisted by Messrs Hicks, Carmody and Wasson, has promised to add much to the joy of the evening. Hon. Timothy Howard is scheduled for a speech. George, i. e., "Rag-time" Lynch, will render his usual pleasant line of popular songs, accompanied by the University orchestra. "Jim" Riddle, late outside guard of a New Orleans council, will eulogize "The Common Housefly." Mr. "Bill" Cotter will, of course, assume the rôle of toastmaster. Refreshments and cigars will be served. Be sure and come! Your regrets be on your own head if you don't!

Athletic Notes.

ILLINOIS ATHLETIC CLUB NEXT SATURDAY.

An indoor dual track meet with the I. A. C. of Chicago has been arranged by Manager O'Connell to be staged in the local gymnasium next Saturday afternoon at 2:45 o'clock. It will be a veritable track-lover's edition of the sport. Among the contestants will be seen no less than a dozen Conference, Intercollegiate, and Olympic champions.

Among the brightest luminaries in the visiting team are Ira Davenport, oft winner of the Conference middle distance events and holder of the Western records in the quarter and half mile runs; Con Lahey, Irish champion high jumper, with a record of six feet, five inches; Hearne in the broad jump, who has done better than twenty-four feet; Sauer, Intercollegiate quarter miler; Steers, the former Notre Dame miler; Scrubby of Chicago in the shot-put; and many other famous runners.

Realizing the strength of next Saturday's opponents, Captain Plant and his men are diligently sticking to the grind under the direction of "Jimmie" Wasson. The results forthcoming are surprising, and the gold and blue defenders do not mean to let the Chicago lads get away with anything soft.

WALSH, 16; SORIN, 13.

Last Sunday afternoon the Walsh quintet defeated Sorin 16 to 13 in a game interesting rather from the closeness than from the excellence of the playing. This was Sorin's first appearance and the teamwork was off color. The shooting of both teams was weak and a number of easy shots were missed. A

little clever pass work mixed in at intervals was the only redeeming feature of the game. Myers did most of the scoring for Walsh, and Corcoran and Hayes accounted for nearly all of Sorin's points.

CORBY, 30: ST. JOSEPH, 20.

Corby defeated St. Joseph Thursday afternoon by a score of 30 to 20. The game lacked any spectacular playing, and though closely contested during the first half, became one-sided during the second period. Corby opened up this half with a rush and increased its lead from five to fifteen points. Fitzgerald played in fine form for Corby, while Cook and Beckman did the best work for St. Joe. Both teams are heavy and full of fighting spirit.

Safety Valve.

Isn't it just like the clever conductors to pull off the trolley and let us get out in the dark.

I suppose we may speak of that spirited defense of tree cutting as a philipic.

And when Dominic shall have laid his axe to the root of the last tree he shall be sighing for more worlds.

In which event he can start all over on those six thousand that shall have been growed up by that time.

"Mr. Siler," writes our musical critic, "demonstrated that he *was* an accomplished musician by his interpretation of Liszt's *Fifteenth Rhapsody*."

Gramatically speaking, then, Mr. Siler is a has been.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.,
OF THE SAFETY VALVE.

Published weekly or thereabouts.

Place of Publication, Known The World Over.

Editor, Apollonius Rhodius.

Business manager, Marjorie Murray.

Publisher, Burns and Oats for England.

Owners, Mammalian Osteology and Co.

Bond holders, In jail at present.

"Opportunity knocks but once. Are you at home?" writes Local News.

We are at home. But are you sure Opportunity knocks but once, and doesn't try the knob?

They waltzed 'neath a high-water tower

In the light of the moon for an hour;

Without one warning word

Some one pulled Unseen Cord

O boys! but they did get a shower.

According to Twining, a clever guy by an oversight filled his fountain-pen with liquid shoe polish

the other day. Since then the darned old pen won't write anything but Polish.

Now Mr. Claude Farry,

And Marjorie Murray,

Don't you care, let the critic man crab while he can.

For Maggie and Farry.

Will later on marry,

Then Murray, by gorry, will change into Farry,

When Farry and Murray are married and one.

CONCERNING THE CUTTING OF TREES.

A Rejoinder.

We note the man who wields the axe around here takes a swing at the poets and nature lovers in our last weekly output. We can not in a magazine of a literary character like the VALVE give our entire valuable space to refuting mere assertions. As our readers probably know—or probably many of them don't—assertions are not facts nor vice versa.

(1) "But the fact is," says the writer, "there is more shade today than there was then."

But the fact is, we reply, there is *not* more shade today than there was then. Until the shade of today is measured and compared with the shade measurements of times past we maintain our position.

(2) "Moreover, nothing is so pleasing to the eye or restful to the mind as a long stretch of well-kept lawn."

This we deny *in toto*. There are several things more pleasing to the eye and more restful to the mind. E. g., mountains that kiss the sky, as Conway would tell you, a late sleep, a hammock, a double-tick bed, beefsteak, hot buns, etc., etc., etc.

(3) "If we are told that tastes differ, we heartily agree—recalling, perhaps, that it was on that proposition that the old woman kissed her cow."

The old woman did not kiss her cow, as a matter of fact. She merely asserted she would do so if she felt like it. There is a difference.

(4) "To that end Dominic will lay his mighty axe to the root wherever it is necessary."

To be exact, Dominic uses the cross-saw and leaves a two-foot stump behind him. There's the rub, if you please.

VOX POPULI.

And pray, my little man, what is a myth?

A myth, sir, is nothing.

Very good. Now, give me an example of nothing.

An example of nothing is the "congregational singing" as executed by the Entire Student Body.

Go up first. You're a bright boy.

And so gentlemen, the Lenten season is on. Therefore come on, ye suffragette orators. We are fortified by grace. Do your very worstest.

Besides William Case of Walsh hall handed us a joke about a prefect getting a fall while skating, the point of which was not so distinct.

And then, there's the guy who tries to explain to Mabel—via Bell Phone—why he didn't keep the date, by laying the blame on the Prefect of Studies.